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THE MISANTHROPE.

"But we—we return—we return no more!
The heart's young dreams, when their bloom is o'er,
The love it hath poured so freely forth,
The boundless trust in ideal worth,
The faith in affection—deep, fond—yet vain—
These are the lost that return not again."

Mrs. Hemans.

'You seem astonished, Sir, at the expressions of contempt and deep hatred of mankind, to which my tongue has given utterance during the ravings of delirium. That I have hated—deeply, bitterly hated—aye, despised and scorned the human race, is indeed true. O! could you have looked into my bosom, and witnessed the agitations there—the tumultuous, fiery heavings, you would have learned a dark tale of misanthropy and scorn! But why should I tell you this? A month since, I would have spurned you from my path. Sooner would I have made a dog—aye, the veriest worm that crawls, a confident, and into his ear have poured the history of my life; have told it of my wrongs and my misanthropy, of my blighted affections, my withered sensibilities, my scorched and blackened feelings,—than have unbarred my bosom to any being bearing the name of man. I would have told him of my bitter, burning hatred, but never—no—never would I have looked to him for sympathy. His sympathy—I despise it! Go to the rocks, or the wild beast of the forest—seek sympathy in the desert, but not in the abodes of men!

'Friendship and sympathy may, perchance, scatter their flowers in the path of the beautiful and the lovely—but it is in their path only. I have lived long, and if I have hated, I have but returned hatred for neglect and scorn. No being ever loved me. None, did I say? There was one—a sister—lovely as the bright star of evening—but alas! she is gone!

'I have wandered through many lands, but I have wandered a stranger. A malignant, ill-boding star smiled on my birth; and it has never set—no, it is fixed in the heavens—it has never gone down. I have been a scorned thing. Formed to love, filled with the most intense longings for some being,

some friend, on whom my affections might rest—in whose bosom I might garner up my whole soul, I have been a *misanthrope*. Formed for society, with a mind capable of imparting, as well as receiving instruction, with affections ready to gush forth at the first touch of kindness, I have been alone in the world—yes, *alone*. O, if the sweet sympathy of soul, talked of by poets, disinterested affection, and kind hearts have any other than a fabulous existence, they are oases in the desert,—springs of water in the midst of desolation and barrenness, found only by few!

‘Few have been the obligations laid on me by kindness: Many, many, long years have I lived, and felt that I had not a friend. Long, long ago, in the days of my boyhood, I strove to repay to the utmost of my power any act of kindness, and I have done it. To but one human being, during fifty long years, have I ever owed love, and her I loved with all the love of a brother.

‘You, Sir, saved my life; you have watched over me during the ravings of delirium; you have been to me what I did not expect or wish to find,—a *friend*. Your kind attentions have called forth feelings which I thought would have slumbered forever. God bless you.

‘You have expressed a wish to learn my history. You shall be gratified. Dimly can I paint the deep, burning feelings of the heart, and my life has been a life of feelings; yet dim as the painting may be, feeble as may be my representation, it will perhaps be thought too dark a history for reality.’

The above were the words, as nearly as I can recollect—for many years have passed over my head since I heard them—of a man, who, had he, in the days of his youth, listened to the voice of friendship and love, instead of the jeer and the scornful laugh, might have been one of the world’s brightest, noblest sons. Possessed of an external appearance by no means prepossessing, he was made the laughing-stock of his playmates. Scorned and hated by all, as he imagined, and possessed of the most acute sensibilities, he in his turn became the scorner. Loved by none, or but by one, he hated all others. He grew up a wretched misanthrope. His powerful, noble, and, had it been rightly directed, most lovely mind, was yielded up to the control of the darkest and most fearful passions. O! how many noble intellects have been, and are now exposed to the same danger! But let his story speak for itself.

‘My story,’ continued he, ‘will be short. My life has been marked by no variety. My feelings have all flowed in one channel. I have been a wretched *misanthrope*—yes a *misanthrope*. In that one word is comprised nearly all my history. But hear my story, and then say whether the guilt has been all my own.

‘My parents were placed in very affluent circumstances. My mother was a beautiful woman, but alas! fashion was her idol, and on its altar she sacrificed all the noble feelings and impulses of her soul. She was moreover a weak woman, and married my father because he was known to be wealthy, and not because she loved him, for of true love I verily believe she was incapable. My father was a vain, hard-hearted man, and yet, strange to tell, he knew how to support his vanity and increase his wealth into the bargain. My mother he married because she was a *belle*. He loved her beauty, and

she loved his wealth. Noble pair! I was their only son, their second and last child. O that I had died in infancy! What a life of deep wretchedness and misery had I then been spared!

‘Though not decidedly a monster, I was far from being beautiful—I was in fact an ugly child. The feelings of my *tender, sensitive, kind-hearted* mother were *shocked*, of course. A creature so *ugly* to be the offspring of so *beautiful* a woman was in her view a thing truly horrible.

‘My sister, who was two years older than myself, was on the contrary a most lovely child; and on her my parents lavished all their affection. I, though an only son, was neglected and unloved; and so, Sir, it has been with me through life. Despised, insulted, and trodden under foot, this world has been to me a desert—one mighty Zaharah. O, how often have tears gushed from my eyes and my little heart ached with anguish to see smiles and caresses lavished upon my lovely little sister, when there were none for me! One day, I remember it well, my mother, finding me playing with some work of hers, caught it hastily from me, crying in no very kind voice: “away, you ugly little monster!” Though too young fully to understand the meaning of her words, I felt them deeply, most deeply. I went out into the garden and cried as though my heart would break. My little sister came running to me, sat down by my side, and putting her arms around my neck, employed all the soothing arts of childhood to console me. “Though mother did n’t love me, she would love me”—and she did love me—ugly as I was, my sister *loved* me. From that time my whole soul seemed to be treasured up in her. When grieved I went to her—to her I unfolded my whole soul. She knew all my feelings, and in her sympathy I ever shared.

‘My fifth year witnessed the death of both my parents—peace be with them. To them am I indebted for my existence, and to my father are my thanks due, that through my life I have been dependent upon the charity of no human being. But this is all. A mother’s love and a father’s affection I never possessed. But peace be with them—I will not meddle with their ashes.

‘My guardian was an intelligent, good-natured man, and, though he never interested himself very warmly in my welfare, he always treated me with kindness. But my previous education had stamped a reserve upon my whole character. To no one dared or could I unbosom myself, but to my sister. She alone knew me, for she alone loved me; others looked upon me as being *not quite a fool*, and as possessing little sensibility or feeling. But they did not know me. With boys of my own age I did not associate. But was I to blame? O! how often have I looked out upon the green before my guardian’s house, all alive with gayety and joy, have listened to the merry laugh and the glad shout of boyhood, and then gone away and wept.

‘In my twelfth year I was sent to a popular and flourishing academy, situated in a pleasant little village, at the head of a beautiful and romantic sheet of water. Here I hoped the scene would change. I went among strangers with the bright and cheering anticipation of being received with kindness and affection. But alas! it was all fancy-work. Here the smile and the jeer met me, and I was soon made the butt and laughing-stock of the whole school. I was, I confess, proud—too proud to unbare my breast, and exhibit the barbed

arrow rankling there. With seeming indifference I bore the laugh and the joke ; but this, which was the effect of pride, was charged to the account of stolidity and want of feeling. Want of feeling ! On the rack and not feel ! O ! could my tormenters have looked into my bosom and beheld the conflict there waged—could they have followed me through my frequent and lonely walks in the noble forest, which skirted the village—could they have heard me in the bitterness of my soul curse the day of my birth, and listened to the outpourings of my wounded heart, the outbreaks of my deep misery, I should not so often have heard the jeer, “ he is too great a fool to feel.”

‘ Being thus, as it were an outcast from the society of my school-mates, I applied my mind, naturally powerful and vigorous, to my studies, and soon was said by my teacher to be “ the best scholar in the school, and yet, strange to tell, the laughing-stock of all.” With this reputation I entered college. But already had misanthropy marked me as its victim. Feeling that I possessed an intellect of no mean order, I came at length to despise my tormenters, most of whom I knew to be decidedly my inferiors. In college I had no associate, no bosom friend. I lived apart from my companions ; I joined none of their sports—was present at none of their merry meetings, for I could not expose myself to ridicule ; I could not stand and be made the mark for every witling’s arrow. There were some, yes many, whose friendship I might, perhaps, have gained, could I have laid open my soul to their view, and unbosomed all my feelings. But for this I was too proud—I could not do it. I lived with the past and the future. With the great and the noble minds of past ages, I held sweet communion. No laugh nor jeer sounded in my ears, while delving into the deep recesses of literature and science—here I felt that I, too, was a man. With the future, too, I lived. Fancy here was busy, painting much loved scenes, dressing out every object in the robes of enchantment, and telling of happiness, a bright fame, and requited love. But oh ! how sad has been the reality ! It was all frost-work, disappearing with the first beams of the morning sun—it was the parched and weary wanderer dreaming of sparkling fountains and beds of down !

‘ My sister—even now my heart beats wildly as her lovely image rises before me. My sister, hadst thou lived to scatter thy sweet and soothing influences in my path, and to throw around me the all-binding chain of affection and love, to allay by thy gentle persuasions my feverish, excited passions, to calm by thy loved voice the fearful tumult of wounded feelings, and to pour into my bitter, bitter cup the oil of kindness and sympathy, my life-career might have been different, far different. But during my last year in college my lovely sister sickened and died. The news of her death fell upon me like the thunderbolt of heaven upon the noble pine, and left me scathed and bare. My feelings cannot be described—few, few can even imagine them. She was the only being who ever loved me, and to her I was bound by an attachment almost too strong for human. But hers was too bright and pure a spirit to be long an inhabitant of this cold, cold earth. Her home was in heaven, and she is there. With all her beauty and loveliness about her, she died—and I was left alone, without a friend. Yes, I now felt that I was *friendless* and *alone*. O ! what darkness—deep, all-enwrapping darkness, then settled down upon me. Did I weep ? No, I

could not weep; no tears since that day have moistened my eye—their fountain was dried. The only link that bound me to man was now severed, and misanthropy mingled its black, bitter waters in the very fountain of the heart, and rolled its boiling lava-tide over the whole soul. I felt that I was become an outcast from society, hated and scorned by all. O! what fires then raged in my bosom! All those kind feelings, which were kept alive by a sister's love, were buried in that sister's grave. The jeer and the laugh had done their work: my affections, once warm and ardent, were blighted and withered; my sensibilities, once lively and acute, had become lifeless—dead; the fountain of every joy was poisoned; all the kindlier feelings of the heart were blasted; my soul had become a *tabula rasa*—its loveliness, its glory, its hopes were gone.

'I went forth from college, a miserable, wretched man. Since that day I have had no object, no home, no country. I have been a wanderer and a stranger upon the earth. I have trod the streets of the Eternal City, and wandered among the ruins of Greece. I have gazed upon the pyramids of Egypt, and sat upon the broken pillars and crumbling columns of Eastern magnificence. I have stood upon the rugged cliffs, and laughed to see the mighty avalanche rushing down the mountain's side in maddening fury, overwhelming in one common desolation the glory of the plain, the peasant and his home. I have mingled in the crowds of London and Paris—have wandered among scenes made sacred by genius, have trod the plains on which the fate of nations had been decided, and have looked upon the monuments of the great, the mighty and the noble. All this have I done, and that too almost without the least spark of feeling, the least glow of enthusiasm. Nature, history, romance, had no charms for me. I have been the victim of misanthropy, and on its altar my whole soul has been sacrificed.

'Once I was all alive to generous and noble feelings. With the works of nature I held sweet communion. Every thing around me had a language, and all but man a language of kindness. When my soul has been wrung with the keenest anguish by the laugh of the thoughtless and the scoff of the unfeeling, often, often have I hastened to the forest, and in communion with nature forgot my misery. Books, too, were friends—friends indeed. But those days have long, long passed by. My dark, fearful, and uncontrolled passions have exerted a withering, deadening influence over all the faculties of my mind, making reason often to totter on its throne. My intellect, once powerful and vigorous, may be compared to the majestic oak of the western wilds, that

—“ might have flung
Its kindred arms to Heaven, still freshly green;
But a wild vine around its stem hath clung,
From branch to branch close wreaths of bondage throwing,
Till the proud tree before no tempest bowing,
Hath sunk and died, these serpent folds among.”

'Ah! misanthropy is a cruel mistress, and allows no rival. In her dark mantle she enwraps her unhappy victim—the worm is forever gnawing and gnawing at his heart.

'Thus you have the outlines of my history—the history of a most miserable, most wretched man. The mark of Cain has been stamped upon my

forehead,—a curse is written upon my heart! To me this earth has been a desert—life a burden. The grave will be welcome, most welcome—how “sweet will be the clods of the valley!” Within a few days, feelings, called forth by your kindness, have arisen in my bosom, which I thought had been banished thence forever. I have felt little as I did, when upon the close of a college term, I hastened to pour out my soul to that only being who knew how to calm my troubled feelings. O! there is a power in kindness which no human being, none but a brute, can resist! And most surely the Christian religion is of heavenly origin, for love, such love, as is therein exhibited, “is not of this world!” I cannot live long—I feel that my days are numbered. I have but to revisit the grass-grown grave of my sister—to repent and die.”

Thus have I attempted to give, as nearly as possible in his own words, the history of a *Misanthrope*. But I am aware that my attempt has proved a failure—I have been but a poor reporter. The workings of his countenance, the flashing of his dark eye, his deep burning eloquence,—all, all have been absent. Yet unsuccessful as has been my attempt, I would hope it may not be wholly in vain. The story has a moral—a moral which may be daily practiced. O! how many unhappy hours have been caused by a single thoughtless jest, or an unfeeling laugh; how many noble minds have been wounded, if not crushed by ridicule! Its arrows to a man of acute sensibilities are all barbed arrows, dipped in poison!

S. V.

TO A FRIEND.

How full of vulgar, grovelling mind,
Is every nook on earth we find;
And though the heart with feelings deep
Is pressed and burns, aloof we keep,
Nor mingle in the thoughtless crowd
Of boistrous jokes and mirth so loud;
Or if among those clods we stray,
We gaze, and sick we turn away,
To seek elsewhere a kindred soul,
Whose thoughts can wider, higher roll;
And when we meet such spirits here,
We cling—we love—almost revere;
Around them twine the tenderest ties;
Their image deep in memory lies;
They save from time’s relentless tread
The balmy dews of moments fled;
A gladness o’er the soul they-breathe,
A halo round the past they wreath,
And bring its fading scenes to view,
In magic shape and rainbow hue.
All else may be in darkness wrapt;

The links of bliss may all be snapt ;
As mirror bright in fragments dashed,
The hopes that on the future flashed,
Like lightning on the blackened sky,
All crushed and cast around them lie,
A sparkling wreck—a dazzling pile
Of all that makes the prospect smile.
But ne'er shall friendship's bands decay ;
Its memory ne'er shall fleet away,
For love, in verdure rich shall bloom,
In gorgeous spheres beyond the tomb.

B*.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

'Oh, good morning ; my father, Sir ?'
'Who is the gentleman you would introduce me to—who is he, Bill ?'
'Mr. Woo-oo-oo,' said the son—or rather he uttered a noise entirely indescribable, and completely un-put-upon-paper-able ; accompanying it with a punch in the old man's ribs, intended as a hint.
'Take care how you turn so suddenly, Bill, your elbow hit me. Mr. Who, did you say the gentleman was ?'
'My dear Sir, I am ashamed to be compelled to acknowledge it, but I cannot remember your name, and my father's matter-of-fact disposition insists upon it.'

'Fiferail, at your service.'
'Mr. Fiferail, father.'
'Oh yes—Mr. Fiferail. How do you do, Mr. Fiferail ? Never should forget names, Bill. Pleasant day, Mr. Fluterail. My son William, Mr. Fluterail, and although I say it, that should not say it, he is no more apt to forget names than I am, Mr. Flutefence. But we all have our little infirmities. Pray are you a musician, Mr. Hornwall ?'

'Fiferail,' said I, bowing.
'That's a pity, you ought to play.' I perceived the old gentleman was as deaf as a post. He continued—'Hornwall, odd name enough. Hornwall, within one letter of Cornwall, Coal-mines, coincidence, queer, certainly. Good morning, Mr. Collier. Indebted for your pleasant society, call at my house, Mr. Collier, do.'

What could I make of such a character ? Was he an original, or a quiz ? Fluterail, Flutefence, Hornwall, Cornwall, Collier ! I was too much amused to be offended, and strolled the street in that peculiar frame of mind which Mrs. Sullen says is not thought, but musing. Did the old quiz mean to insult me ? As I groped along, my head down, my eyes half shut, I suddenly jumped back, at finding myself buried over head and ears in a lady's

bishop-sleeve. A clear loud laugh as I attempted to apologise, made me recognise my cousin Hannah.

'Benjamin, the least I can do is to take you under my protection. Why, I should think you had a thousand acres of timber land upon your back, a granite quarry in each pocket, and not only a beam, but a ship-load of lumber in your eye. For shame!'

'Not a word; I have met with *such* an original—and by my troth, he's here again.'

'D'ye do again, Mr. Collier?'

Hannah stood back astonished at my new cognomen.

'My cousin Hannah,' said I, leading her up, ready to die with suppressed laughter.

'Servant, Miss Hannah. Late season and cold. Hope you'll bring warmer weather, Miss Gehenna.'

'Sir!'

'No offence Ma'am. Pun upon your name, Miss Tophet. Have heard worse—is that your hair or a wig?'

'Sir!'

'Do n't get warm, Miss Hinnon—you'll consume your friend Lehigh there. He'll make a hot fire, Miss Hades. Lehigh and Hades, queer coincidence,—call at my house—come a cold day, do. Ruddy morning to ye. Come, do, but don't wait till July, don't. Marriage, I guess, cake burnt to a crisp, dare say.'

'Now, cousin of mine, what think you?'

'What an old brute it is, who is he?'

I could not answer. The day before I had met the son on board a steam-boat; we were introduced, but as is usual neither of us took the trouble to learn the other's name. But for the accidental meeting in the street, he would not have learned mine, and I was still unacquainted with his. A relation of my previous meeting with the old gentleman, excused his conduct to Hannah, while it highly diverted her.

My acquaintance with the younger ripened into intimacy, and through that intimacy Hannah found an apologist for old Halliday in his son—a better apologist than I had been. We learned that the old gentleman, while he was perfectly sane upon matters involving dollars and cents, had a mind so singularly constructed that he often forgot names of things, and never for his life could remember names of persons, but addressed even his most intimate friends by titles borrowed from what was passing in his mind at the time of meeting, or from the most singular and paradoxical associations, suggested by their real names. At other times he would dub a man by a title commemorative of some event in the life of the person whom he was addressing; and the names thus bestowed did not always call up the most grateful remembrances. Of this infirmity the old gentleman was so utterly unconscious, that calling persons by their right names was the hobby upon which he particularly prided himself, it being second only to his punning accomplishment, and facility for tracing odd relations between thoughts and things.

Many weeks after [the day of these adventures, hearing one crying out

Halloo! stop! Mister! Fire! behind me, I turned about and saw old Halliday making after me with all the expedition his plethora would permit.

‘What do you mean, Sir, by crying Fire?’

‘I put it to you, Mr. Seacoal.’

‘Don’t, I beseech you, I shall burn.’

‘Good, I owe you one. I could not think of your name, Mr. Caloric, and I called you what came nearest.’

‘My name, Sir,’ said I, shouting it in his ear, ‘is not Caloric, or Seacoal, but *Fife-rail*?’

‘That’s what I called you, Mr. Cornwall—me miscall you! never—oh, no. But ‘t won’t do, no.’

‘What?’

‘Pluto’s a judge in his own dominions.’

‘Well.’

‘If Gehenna gets a Holiday, I, Pluto, won’t answer for the consequences—no.’

‘Talk English.’

‘Do n’t I? There’s a *Lucifer match* toward.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Mr. Lehigh, a secret,’ And he drew me into an alley by the button. ‘I’m stone blind!’

‘Sir?’

‘Yes, I can’t hear a word, and because I’m blind and can’t hear, Miss Tophet and Bill think I’m deaf and can’t see. She affects him.’

‘Then he’s warped, I suppose?’

‘Good, I owe you another, Mr. Flyflail. You shall home to dinner—yes.’

I was then a bachelor and of course accepted all such invitations, except when I know the inviters did not give good dinners. At the house of Mr. Halliday I found quite a party, to whom the old gentleman was about to introduce me individually. I anticipated much amusement, but his wife barred it by interrupting him and announcing me.

‘Mrs. Xantippe, take her own way, yes, always,—muttered old Halliday, as he stepped back.

‘Mrs. Lee’—

‘There’s no such lady here,’ said Mrs. Halliday.

‘No? no! yes—certainly. Mrs. Ann Lee, Shakeress, run away from Canterbury, married, apostate,—no! yes, certainly. Mrs. Lee, take a wing?’

‘Why Mr. Halliday, I should be ashamed?’

The very gaudiest lady at table looked daggers at him, and all the rest strove hard to stifle a laugh at her embarrassment.

‘Shame! shame! for what? No shame without guilt, is there Mr. Continent?’—addressing the *Lothario* of the party. ‘There! there! all thunderstruck again! I should think I had been forging bolts to throw among them.—hey! Mr. Vulcan?’ Vulcan was a retired blacksmith. ‘Forging thunderbolts, hey, Mr. Taken-in?’

This last was a cruel thrust. The gentleman whom he had dubbed ‘Mr. Taken-in,’ was a bankrupt through the knavery of his son. It would swell our table-talk too far to state all old Halliday’s misnomers; as the history of

every person addressed was involved and must be repeated to make the mistakes tell. The old gentleman was perfectly innocent of it, and wondered at the consternation depicted in his wife's face, in his son's, and, indeed, in mine. On he went, calling all present by impromptu names, till, a hasty dinner swallowed, they pleaded imperative business, and departed, each laughing at the blunders of Halliday in all cases but *one*, and for that one wishing him anything but blessings.

Does the reader think Halliday's an unnatural character? It certainly is. An impossible one? It certainly is not. To such unfortunate treachery of memory philosophical works bear witness, and quote instances. Phrenologists must define the particular organ deficient in such a head, and if any will take the trouble to describe it, a cast corroborative of the truth of the science, shall be produced for them.

'Mr Seacoal, I told you so. I'm a prophet.'

'Told me what?'

'Gehenna claims a holiday for her life-time. I knew it—foresaw it. Yes.'

'You mean to say that your son will make a match of it with Hannah?'

'Consider yourself bidden to the wedding. You're the only one. Mrs. Lee, nor Vulcan, nor the father of the young forger—what's his name—Taken-in, none of them will come—not a soul. Deuced unhandsome in them, but I can't help it. Tried to make myself agreeable, and if they *won't* be pleased, who's to blame? Yes—who's to blame, Mr. Seacoal? Coals sometimes called black diamonds, Mr. Golconda, come to the wedding, wine old 1800. Byron was a queer dog, had a skull for a drinking cup. Be sure you come, Mr. Golgotha, do.'

A R A M B L E.

THE sun rose in splendor. It poured a flood of light and heat on the silent world, and bathed the mountain-tops in a halo of glory and loveliness. Nature's wild minstrelsey sent forth commingling strains of joy and melody. The dew-drops glittered on the petals of the laughing flowers. The babbling brooks ran murmuring along, as if rejoicing in the surrounding scenery, and the spangled fish lay motionless and basking in the genial sunbeams. Balmy breezes floated around, whose odors told that they had kissed the clover and lilac, and revelled in bowers of roses. A spirit of vitality seemed breathed into objects before inanimate. All creation leaped with new life and impulse. Gladness hovered like a white-winged angel of love and mercy over the whole face of the earth. But alas! this beautiful vision passed away—this glittering bubble burst, and the whole fairy scene was sadly changed—clouds came careering over the sky, and the effulgence of the sun was swallowed up in a mass of wheeling darkness. Hushed was the voice of nature, all save the rustling of the leaves and the cadences of the viewless spirit, now sighing plaintively like the farewell dirge of some departed soul, now roar-

ing—thundering—maddening as if all heaven's mighty hosts were rushing together in one mighty collision, and

The pulse of earth was stilled and dead,
As if her breath—her soul were fled.

Oh! how like this, is the tenure of human existence. The morning of life dawns in brightness and beauty. For a while we sail on the waxen wings of thoughtlessness through the dim regions of giddy joy. For a few fleeting years the shadowy dreams of youth and glory float like gorgeous spectres around our paths. The past is all forgotten in the blissful present, and the future smiles in colors borrowed from childhood's bright hues. Every object that strikes the view—all the beauties of the external world—God's own image beaming from the human countenance—all the blissful tones of breathing creation—all the undying harmonies of thought and the burning aspirations of the immortal soul, combined into one tremendous result tend to lull our suspicions into the deep slumber of death, and persuade us that life will be one long dream of happiness. But ah! too soon the spell is broken—the enchantment is dissipated—the black clouds of disappointment shroud our hopes—the winds moan a desolate requiem over the grave of departed joys. The lightning of discord severs the richest affections—the ice of regret freezes the warmest sympathies of the heart, and the startling thunders of death roll in the distance. * * * * *

I went forth. Glad voices—bright eyes, and kindred spirits were around me. We strolled carelessly from hill to hill—we leaped from rock to rock—we sat under the thick shade of the oak, and feasted the imagination on the waving scenery around. Nature was clothed in her greenest hues—her richest garniture. It was a beauty and a luxury to let the eye rove unconfined over the immensity of space, and to raise the thoughts from 'nature to nature's God.' At such times memory runs riot amid the scenes and pastimes of childhood. How the tide of entrancing recollections, rising from the abyss of the past, flows over the mind. Musing thus, how often do our thoughts become too mighty for utterance, save through the lightning flashes of the eye. How the power of language is beggared and lost in the thrilling emotions that rush on the soul. How the fancy is wrapped in the dizzy whirl of its own imaginings. How the wildering senses pant from sympathy with the viewless mind—with what fondness and tenacity we cling to the hope that we shall meet and recognize the beloved beings around us, to part no more, in the world of spirits, where darkness, storms and trials shall never disturb our halcyon peace. Oh! then how the pomp and pageant of earth fade into the dim distance, before the unseen, unrevealed glories of eternity, when the imagination is revelling in visions of impassioned bliss.

INDIAN MELODIES.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

TA-BISE-QUONG.

Or Voice of the Rolling Thunder.

UPON the bank of a beautiful stream which empties itself into the Saint Clair, an Indian by the name of Ta-bise-quong was one day discovered by an officer of the U. S. Army. His canoe was drawn up beside him on the sand, and he was surrounded by a small but faithful remnant of his once numerous followers. This chief was dying, and ere the officer left the spot the 'voice of the rolling thunder' was hushed in the forest.

HUNTER! why thy bow unbent,
Ere the deadly shaft be spent?
Droops thy lofty spirit here
On the ridge where haunt the deer?
Otters bask beneath the moon,
Boundeth past the sly racoon.
Traps are set and scents are keen
—Need-je ca-win Nee-shee-sheen. (1)

Brother! here are herbs for thee
Pluck'd beside the sugar tree;
Charmed plants which only grow
In the groves of Manito:
Eat, and thou again shalt pass
Prairie thro' and tangled grass.
—On my hand thy forehead lean,
Need-je ca-win, Nee-shee-sheen.

Hunter! lead thy royal race,
Guide thy eagles to the chase.
Show thine arrow's glittering tongue,
—Let the bear outstrip her young.
Raise thine arm of swarthy stain,
—Let the wolf recoil again.
Was not this thy wonted mien?
Need-je ca-win Nee-shee-sheen.

Brother! raise thy drooping head;
Say, is this thy royal bed?
Brother! ope thy closing eye,
'Tis not here where Princes lie.
Tell me, brother, is it thine
Scattered leaf and fallen pine—
Thou with beads of blue and green!
—Need-je ca-win Nee-shee-sheen.

Hunter! hark—o'er forest dim
Bursts afar the thunder hymn;
Thunder spirits muttering say,
'Rolling brother, haste away.'

—Need-je, Need-je ! Thou shalt go
Where they bend the golden bow,
Where the silver fish are seen.
Need-je—need-je—nee-shee-sheen. (2)

(1) Friend, or brother, it is not well.
(2) Friend, or brother, it is well.

A TALE OF REVENGE.

I WAS born in an inland town of New England. My father died during my infancy, leaving my mother in poverty. In an unlucky hour he became surety for one of his neighbors to the amount of several thousand dollars. His neighbor failed. His property was quite insufficient to pay his debts, and consequently my father was obliged to give up all to satisfy the demand for which he was responsible. Soon after, owing to the anxiety and solicitude, consequent upon the loss of his property and his feeble constitution, he sickened and died. My mother being thus thrown upon her own resources for the support of herself and her infant, opened a private school, by which means she was enabled to procure a livelihood. Col. Selden, who had been a friend to my father, and who also opened his doors and purse to my mother, at his death, earnestly urged her to give me to him. He had but an only child—a daughter—and wished to adopt me for his son. But my dear mother told him she regarded with gratitude his kind offer, still she could not think of giving away her only child, while she had health to support him. My childhood was passed solely under her care. She felt great anxiety and solicitude for my future welfare; consequently she devoted herself almost entirely to my education. My proficiency under her instruction was equal to the attention she devoted to it. My morals, while under her watchful care, were uncontaminated. As her own education had by no means been neglected, she was enabled to prepare me for college, and with economy and industry in the management of her school, I was enabled to enter the University at the age of nineteen.

Col. Selden had not been forgetful of us. His house was always open to my mother and her 'darling son,' as I was contemptuously called in the village. I grew up with his daughter. The studies of our childhood were the same. My mother had the instruction of us both. Mrs. Selden was the most amiable of women; kind, polite, and beloved, she lived and died without an enemy. Louisa (for that was the daughter's name,) was the very picture of her mother. As we had passed our childhood together, and always participated in the same sports, we seemed to grow up in the relation of brother and sister. We did not think of any other relations existing between us. From childhood had we passed to youth—these joyful days were hardly begun, when preparations were made for my departure to the University. Until then Louisa and myself had hardly thought of each other but as brother and sister. To be sure, a blush would sometimes shine

through the transparent whiteness of her cheek when either of our mothers surprised us sitting alone in Col. S.'s parlor, in earnest and confident conversation. But when my departure approached, I could always observe a blush on Louisa's cheek whenever it was mentioned. I observed, also, an uneasiness about her whenever I suddenly entered the room. But I will not dwell upon those happy hours—they were to be succeeded by trials and troubles of which we little dreamed.

The night before I was to leave home for the first time, I sought Louisa. I found her walking alone in the garden—a pearly tear still glistened in her eye, which she endeavored to conceal from me. 'I knew you would seek me here,' she said. 'But do you go tomorrow? Is this the last time we shall walk this gravelled path?' She plucked a rose from the bush which grew at the roots of the hereditary oak, under which, just three weeks before, we had avowed our love, and plighted our faith. She impressed a kiss upon it, and handed it to me—'Take this,' she said; 'it is the simple offering of nature, which seems to smile at our plighted love. Go forth with a manly step, and receive the honors which are in store for you; and remember that at every return of this hour, your Louisa will fall down upon this spot and pour out a prayer to that Being who wills all things for the best, that your path may be strewed with flowers.' I kneeled forward and clasped her to my bosom, and breathed out a hearty response. We mingled our tears together, and tore ourselves apart. The next morning, after receiving my mother's blessing, I took the stage coach for the University.

Almost the first person I met at the University was Lewis Clinton. I had seen him but once before. He was then at my native village. An acquaintance was quickly formed; we passed our time at college almost entirely together. Lewis was of a lively disposition and of most manly beauty; but there was a sort of underhanded hypocrisy about him, which I was unable always to understand. However, we commenced our college career as friends, —we passed it as such. We separated after we had completed our education, to prepare for the more active business of life. Lewis went to my native village to study law with his uncle; I pursued the same studies at another place. I shall not stop to relate the many little incidents of our college life; nor to tell of the difficulties I had to encounter. They were by no means few nor easy to be borne. Lewis was the more brilliant scholar. Often have I sat entranced at his rich, round eloquence; I could almost drink inspiration from his muse. I had often spoken to him about Louisa; I had dwelt long in his presence on her beauty and virtues, even till he seemed to glide along with me in the exuberance of my youthful feelings. Then he would turn to exhibit that deceitful curl upon his lip, which pierced like a dagger to my soul. But why should I have any suspicions of him? Had he not always acted manly towards me—been my friend—my companion—and almost my only college associate? But so it was. I could hardly endure the idea of his going to my native village; the mention of it made me turn from him in anger! However, in course of time he was regularly entered in the office of Esq. Clinton, as a student at law. He was very soon introduced to the house of Col. Selden. He saw Louisa! I had not painted her to him in too glowing colors. He was enraptured with her beauty. In a letter

I received from him, soon after he went to his uncle's, he spoke of her with enthusiasm—no language was too extravagant for him. But he robed it all under the cover of friendship toward me, and even urged me to return and pursue my studies with his uncle. His many protestations of regard, for the time eased my mind. I had not yet learned what deceit could be concealed in the human heart, and how any one could, under the garb of friendship, be plotting my destruction. He became a frequent visiter at Col. Selden's. Louisa, having often heard me speak of him as a friend, had no hesitation in entertaining him with her presence and conversation, little thinking how much she was poisoning her own happiness. In her letters she made frequent mention of Lewis, commanding me in the choice of my college friend. But why should I dwell upon these things? Why harrow up my soul at this time? O, I cannot forget them! The very thought seems to rouse the fiend within me! * * * * *

Lewis had got Col. Selden involved in difficulties. His property was gone. The officer had just come to attach the furniture of Col. S.'s splendid mansion, when Lewis stepped up, enquired the nature and amount of the Execution, (what he knew before,) upon which he immediately paid it, and refused to take a transfer of the property in return. He told Col. S. it was an act of kindness he owed him for his daughter's sake. He said, 'although your daughter is the betrothed of another, I have regard for her; I cannot endure the idea of her being thrown out upon the contempt of a cold and heartless world. I have money. My wealth can make her and yourself happy. It is at your disposal.' Ah! he knew too well how to poison the Col.'s feelings. He already saw his plots ripe for execution, long before he had avowed his love to Louisa. She repelled his advances with disdain and contempt! This only served as a greater stimulus. The plans he put in execution for the accomplishment of his object, would have done honor to any man in a more worthy cause. It is enough to say, my character was traduced—Col. S.'s house was denied me. But had Louisa forgot to love? Had she forgot? I will say no more. * * * * *

I heard of the approaching nuptials of Lewis Clinton and Louisa Selden. At this time the practice of my profession had called me to a distant State. I was now reaping the rewards of my early life. My mother had gone to the State of M. with me; I had become able to provide for her declining years, and to repay something for the care and solicitude she had bestowed upon my infancy and childhood. I had been prosperous in business. When the foregoing information was given to me, I felt that my only hope for life was gone. However, I resolved to repair immediately to my native town, and claim Louisa as my affianced bride, I had not heard of the precise time of her marriage. After hastily settling my business, so that in case I should not return, my mother should be provided for, I found myself the next day on the road to my native village. I did not suffer myself to rest, day or night, but pursued my route with a zeal equal to the object at stake. When I approached the village I perceived it had been a day of hilarity and joy. I inquired the reason, (for I mistrusted it,) of so much festivity. I was told that this was young Esq. Clinton's wedding day. I involuntarily placed my hand upon my dirk! Vengeance filled my breast—I was lost in the

transport of rage, and fell from my horse. On coming to my senses again, I found myself surrounded by the rabble, supported in the arms of two, each vieing with the other to relate the particulars of the accident. After I had sufficiently recovered, I repaired to the hotel and called for a private room. I sat down by myself to brood over my miseries, and to devise means of revenge. I drew my dirk from its sheath, and rubbed my finger along its glittering edge, and almost jumped up in a transport of joy! As the shades of night were thrown over the landscape, muffled in my cloak, I bent my way to Col. Selden's mansion. As I approached, I saw the signs of hilarity and mirth. My steps imperceptibly led me to the same oak under which I parted from Louisa for the first time. How at that moment all the recollections of my youth rushed into my mind. With a struggle I suppressed my thoughts, and with teeth set and fists clenched, in one of which was the dirk, I stood like a statue beneath the oak. The stars looked coldly down, and the breeze swept moaning through the leaves of the trees; but I was fixed to the spot. I turned neither to the right or left, but kept my eyes steadily fixed upon the door. Presently the door was opened. A sylph-like form came out unattended. She seemed not a being of earth. Her cheek was white as the driven snow, and transparent as the dewless ether. She opened the garden gate. O, that moment! Every nerve became relaxed—I could hardly keep myself from rushing forth and clasping her to my bosom! As she approached the oak I withdrew to a thicket of grape vines, where I could remain concealed. She approached and plucked a rose from the bush which still remained at the roots of the oak. She pressed it to her bosom, and dropped upon her knees—that prayer was for me—I heard her sighs and sobs. ‘O, father—cruel father,’ she said, ‘how could you thus doom your daughter to a premature grave. I told you I could not love Lewis, for my affections were not my own;’ and casting her imploring look to heaven, she said, ‘ye stars, look down and coldly reprove me. I feel that I look upon you for the last time! I take you for my witnesses that if I am the wife of Lewis Clinton, I am the betrothed of—I dare not utter his name!’ I could endure no longer! my knees shook beneath my body. I felt myself falling, when my extended hand caught a branch of the tree; upon this I recovered. But Louisa had departed—I turned and saw her enter the house at another door. I had not stood long, bound up in my own reflections on what had passed, when footsteps arrested my attention. I looked, and immediately recognized the haughty, guilty Lewis Clinton. In an instant the fiends of revenge rushed into my heart! I pounced upon him like a hungry tiger upon his prey! The dirk still glittered in my hand—‘Now,’ said I, ‘villain, I have you in my power—Utter not a cry, or this dagger shall drink your heart’s blood.’ He trembled—his teeth chattered—his knees smote together, but he could not speak. I brandished my dirk before his eyes—‘No,’ said I, ‘I scorn to take your life! Live, and enjoy your wealth, if you can! Remember vengeance is mine—Vengeance! Vengeance!’ I uttered in his ear, till the very heavens re-echoed the sound! I reproached him for his perfidy—he writhed beneath my rigid grasp, and endeavored to turn from me, but I felt that moment the strength of a giant. ‘No,’ said I, ‘recoil not! you may live and console, if you can, her whom you have so wronged!

Go, bind up her broken heart, and make her descent to the grave as comfortable as wealth can do it. But this I say to you—you are the murderer of Louisa Selden! You have defamed my character, and you have created in my bosom feelings which will give me no rest till I shall be able to hurl you from that eminence to which you have already attained. Vengeance,' said I again, and rushed from his presence.

I repaired immediately to the hotel, called for refreshment and ordered my horse. After an absence of ten days, I returned to the village in which I had left my mother—settled up my business—made sufficient provision for her (my mother's) support, and immediately embarked for Europe. I travelled through all the European nations, and became learned in their laws. At length my name was known at Court. My counsel was sought by princes and ministers. I was honored by kings. After spending many years in travelling over Europe, visiting its curiosities, storing my mind with its literature, and partaking of the dissipation of its courts, I returned to my native country. But not with a hope or disposition to serve it. No! *vengeance* had been my stimulus! Vengeance was the ultimate object of all my endeavors. It was for that fiend within my breast, that I endured the privations and hardships of a foreign clime. It was for *that* that I struggled with poverty and death!

Under the disguise of a foreigner, I returned to the village of my birth. I met the carriage of the Hon. Lewis Clinton, drawn by four stone grey steeds. I met the eye of the haughty owner as I passed him, but he recognized not his inveterate enemy. 'Vengeance,' said I to myself, as he rolled along in his luxurious carriage. Upon inquiry I found that he had passed step by step to the highest offices in the gift of the State—that his counsel was sought for far and near—that he was unrivalled at the bar, and his eloquence carried all before it. O! what a fiend-like grin I gave upon receiving this information! I immediately established myself as a Counsellor at Law in the village, under an assumed name, and longed for an opportunity to meet him. At last an opportunity presented itself. It was an action of long standing. Many thousands of dollars had already been expended. It was for the estate of Col. Selden. The old man still lived, but his old age was one of trial and trouble. He had, a few years before, found out the perfidy of Clinton, who, soon after the death of his wife, which was the night of her marriage, had turned the Col. out of his mansion—or rather his menials had done it. When the circumstances of the case were better known, his friends offered their assistance to recover the property, but thus far they had been baffled. This was the last trial. Clinton was to appear, not as the defendant, but as counsel for the defendant. Under these circumstances Col. Selden was unable to get any one to appear for him. A word from Clinton was sufficient to silence the most powerful at the bar. I sought out Col. S. and offered him my services, and he reluctantly accepted them. The day at last arrived. Clinton sneeringly passed me in the court yard. He hastened to his seat, and prepared for the defence. He went through with his argument, and convinced all present but *one*. The Judge advised Col. S. not to make a plea, as the time should be devoted to other business. I saw the tears in Col. S.'s eyes—he thought all was gone. I rose awkwardly from my seat,

and addressed the judge and jury. I saw the contemptuous smile on Clinton's countenance as I rose; but that smile was soon changed to a sadder one. I hesitated not to accuse Clinton of his villainy. More than that, I proved it. He writhed beneath my glance. Immediately he recognised me. The scene in the garden came first to his mind. * * *

Col. Selden recovered his estate. He explained to me his conduct, and we again became friends. Clinton is no longer the honored and proud. He passes his days with the dissipated and vile, an object of pity to his friends, but of scorn and derision to his enemies. My vengeance has been satisfied, but my heart is ill at ease. I pity Clinton! Yes, I pity him! I have offered him a home and security. He as yet derides my offers! But let me entreat you, dear reader, not to think that the fruits of revenge are sweet.

P. D. Q.

S I G N C L O S E .

MANY years ago I was a student in the office of a venerable old gentleman, who was in the habit of giving me wholesome lessons of advice, and none have I had more occasion to remember, or have found of more practical importance, than the short lesson at the head of this article. My master, above alluded to, was a sharp, shrewd, calculating man, who having been at an early age thrown upon his own resources and forced to rely solely upon himself, had naturally looked upon the dark side of human nature, and formed his opinions of men accordingly. By cautious and prudent management, by looking with a single eye to the public good, and two at his own, and by invariably signing close, he triumphed over all the difficulties of early life, rose to some distinction in his profession, acquired a handsome fortune, and became one of those interest rollers, that like a snow-ball are continually increasing as they roll along the down-hill of life. One of the first lessons I received in his office was, 'Always be sure to sign your name close to whatever you sign;' and on my enquiring the reason of this curious precaution, he related to me several instances that had come under his observation, where men by signing low, had had notes or receipts written above their names. The inferences he drew from these facts were, that the great mass of men were not to be trusted, that they were unworthy of confidence; that among the business community there was no such thing as disinterested friendship, and that few, precious few, could be found before whom it would be safe to place the temptation of a low signature, and who would not avail themselves of the privilege of using it if sure of escaping suspicion or detection. Being at that time fresh from college, where there is none but decent sinning, and having just quit the society of students, among whom there are no intrigues except the lawful ones of ponying and fishing, I was not prepared to receive such an opinion of human nature, or to give full credit to the opinion of my master; and it was not until after I had mixed in the noise and bustle of the world—until after I became acquainted with

the craft and intrigues of men, and until I experienced the cold politeness of those who were once my warmest friends, that I begun to have a realizing sense of the necessity of signing close. A few years of sad experience and a few instances in which I have signed entirely too low, have taught me the lesson upon which all the eloquence of my master was expended in vain. I am now fully persuaded that signing close is the surest road to wealth, and that it is the best motto a man can adopt, who wishes to become rich immediately. On looking around me I find that about seven eighths of the failures, troubles, and disappointments in life are caused by signing too low; and nearly two thirds of the other eighth are the result of not signing straight.

A young fellow without much capital sets up in trade—he hires a clerk, stays in the store but little—rides out with the ladies—treats all the girls that call with oranges and candy—puts on fourteen dickies a week—wears his Sunday coat week days—and as the natural effect of all these causes, in a few months he receives from a lawyer a polite greeting—his store is shut-up and his goods sold under the hammer. He curses his creditors—pours out a vial or two of wrath upon the lawyers, and thus he ends his career of low signing by complaining of the misfortunes of the world and the ingratitude of those about him—while the whole secret of his ruin, and the rock on which he split was not signing close enough. This is only one of the multitude of cases where blue ruin is the consequence of not signing close enough.

Look at the whole system of speculation and what is it but one grand scheme of close signing. The first buyer signs his name low—the second raises his a little—the third hitches his up a notch—the fourth writes still closer—and thus the property passes through some half a dozen hands, all making a fortune on it, but wo to the last purchaser, for the others have signed so close they've given him no chance to sign at all.

Doctors are multiplied so fast that all in that profession are obliged to sign close, and lawyers are obliged to sign still closer—yet I must say that the close signing of lawyers is wholly against their principles, and they are forced so to do entirely for self defence. Formerly when there was only an annual crop of ripe, healthy shoots harvested, and all the mushroom suckers were trimmed up, then lawyers were a class of the lowest signing men in the community—but in later days, since our Legislature has obtained a machine into which they put the raw material and turn out accomplished and able lawyers, [?] all shining like butterflies made out of caterpillars, the increase has been so rapid that all have been obliged to sign close or lay down in the furrow.

When business is lively and every one is intent upon making money, then depend upon it there is close signing among some. When men breakfast in Bangor, dine in Boston, and take tea in New York, and make a few thousand at every stopping place, it is done upon the close signing principle. Scarcely a day passes without close signing in some trade or department of business. To-day is the last day of service for — — — and who can calculate the close signing that is carried on in lawyers' offices this day? To-day all scratch-ctaries are employed at the quill—this day the watches of all deputy

sheriffs will go backward after 12 o'clock, while they and their horses will go forward, and to-morrow morning happy the man that does not find a summons under his front door or in his key-hole.

Close signing seems to be the very spirit of the age, and

‘Lucri bonus est odor,
Ex re qualibet.’

seems to be the motto of the whole trading community. The spirit of close signing burned in the bosom of the inventor of paper dickies—it radiated untainted from the brow of the manufacturer of blue clay indigo—and it shone with bright effulgence in the character of the immortal mixer of hair oil, which makes the very bottles in which it is prepared sprout with an abundant crop of any color he chooses to raise, so that the proprietor can sell it for artificial whiskers.

For one who would choose to become rich at the expense of reputation, principle and honesty, I know of no better motto than ‘Sign Close.’ If you prefer money rather than character—if you choose to have riches rather than a good conscience—and if you prefer being wealthy to being virtuous, adopt the above motto and act upon it, and you will in the end have what you choose. If you are prepared to be a close signer, first bring your principles, your integrity, your reason, and your conscience, and present them at the shrine of Dives, and there upon his altar make an unreserved consecration of all to him—and then go ahead.

Do and say hard things—cut all the cords of friendship and treat all with cold, business-like politeness—have an easy conscience—be benevolent from interest rather than from principle—be religious only on Sundays—let ‘necessitate rei’ quiet the whisperings of the still small voice within—let your tender mercies be cruel—sign close, and you will be rich.

S. C.

PICTURE OF A LIFE.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY, JR.

AFAR on the ocean,
Where waves in commotion,
With jewels and banners assembled in pride,
A gay barque was dashing,
And sunlight there flashing,
With stripes of rich silver seemed clasping its side.

Thus gemmed by the morning
With all its adorning,
That barque, like a fairy creation was fair ;
Each thing that was near it
By magic did steer it—
Each thing was its guide and its favorer there.

The noon shone less brightly,
Yet not the less lightly
The prow cut the waves that were darkling about;
As storms seemed to waken,
The bark was forsaken—
The waves, as if vexed, ceased their heralding shout.

The evening was ruder,
And as an intruder,
The tempest arose and careered in its might—
But ah!—on the morrow—
A picture for sorrow—
That barque with its beauty had gone from the light.

How clear the soul's seeing !
That barque was a being—
The tempest was nought but remorse for a crime—
The morn was but childhood,
The noon, like a wildwood
Entangled—the world ! and the ocean was Time !

A REVOLUTIONARY CHARACTER.

'Falstaff. What's your name, Sir ? of what condition are you ? and of what place, I pray you ?' **SHAKSPEARE.**

ANECDOTES relating to the American Revolution, to me, have ever been interesting. Even when a mere child, I have listened to the story of the Revolutionary Veteran with the same absorbing interest as I did to those of fiction and romance. The principal and leading events of that struggle are matters of history, and must be familiar to every reader. But there are a thousand minutiae, a thousand little incidents, which might well fill up, as it were, the interstices in that history, and give a greater comeliness to its general outlines. Like the last slight touches of the painter, by a slight application here and there, they add much to the beauties of the whole piece. Those scraps of information are to be gleaned from these relics of mortality, who still survive the hardships of a long and oppressive war, and the further wear and tear by the toil of a half century. Most of the old patriots, one after another, have disappeared from among us, and those who yet linger along are 'living monuments,' and 'few and far between.' When a few years more shall have passed away, they will have all disappeared, and many interesting facts that they might bear witness to, will be entirely lost, or assume the questionable shape of traditional tales.

It was my good fortune, during one of my rambles, to meet with one of these Revolutionary worthies, in the person of old Mr. H—, a native of the 'Old Colony,' and once the clerk of a company which formed a part of that small but promiscuous assemblage of heroes who fought at the battle of Bunker Hill, a battle which formed the first brilliant scene in the grand

military drama of the war—and in which the rising Genius of American Independence, having just left the Cradle of Liberty, fought with the trained supporters of despotism, inspiring her own followers with such a calm resolution, as contrasted finely with that wanton and cruel spirit of mischief, which, in the mean time, led to the desolation of the pretty village of Charlestown. Such scenes as those of the Revolution, were well calculated to make lasting impressions upon the minds of the friends of liberty, especially those then in the prime of life, and who might say with reference to those trials, that they have borne a part in them, though a humble one. Old age has somewhat impaired the memory of Mr. H.; the events of yesterday are forgotten to-day, or leave but a faint trace behind; but of Revolutionary transactions he can give an account with such an apparent accuracy and clearness as would be rather surprising, did we not bear in mind how much more durable are the impressions made upon our minds in youth, than in after years. But touch upon these scenes, and the dormant feelings of the old patriot are again aroused; his manner becomes vehement, and his sunken eyes beam again with an unwonted effulgence at the reminiscences of those earlier and eventful times. And the anecdotes given by Mr. H. of several transactions during the war, are prefaced with such observations on the general aspect of things, at the most important periods of time during hostile operations, as denote the old gentleman to have been a reader, and close thinker, as well as an actor and looker-on. The following anecdote related by him, is one of the many which tend to show the prevalence of the patriotic feeling during those times, among the colonists, and among men of almost every grade.

At the mustering of the little company to which my informant belonged, two or three mornings previous to the engagement on Bunker Hill, the commanding officer noticed that there had been an accession to his corps, since the former parade, in the person of one so singular in his appearance as to attract universal attention, even among that motley group of citizen soldiers. The personage in question was a diminutive-looking fellow, clothed in a coarse hunting frock, and tight pantaloons of many colors. His head was protected by a low crowned hat with a wide brim, which somewhat concealed a pair of small twinkling eyes, and a face so obscured by dirt, as to render it somewhat doubtful what might have been its original color. He was accoutred with a cartridge box, as well as with a powder horn, and a leather belt was buckled around him, containing a case for a hunting knife. A set of slender fingers with long nails, supported a long rusty musket, of such enormous calibre as to excite the astonishment of those around him, when they perceived with how much apparent ease the little fellow handled it, as he moved to and fro in a restless mood. There was something about him which savored much of the superhuman; and it was suggested by one of the company, that he might be an emissary from the powers of darkness, who, having been attracted thither by the cry of rebellion, and the anticipation of carnage and bloodshed, had joined their ranks, either for their weal or wo, but probably felt 'not exactly at home,' while in so much better company than he had been in the habit of keeping. The captain, after he gazed for a moment at the stranger, inquired of my informant who he was,

from whence he came, &c. ; but he could obtain no information from Mr. H. than that he had unceremoniously appeared among them that morning, for the first time. He next interrogated the singular being himself, without much better success, as he ascertained nothing else than that his name was Baldwin. And he was immediately known among his associates by the appellation of 'Dirty-faced Baldwin.' The soldiers finding that he was real *flesh* and *blood*, began to play off upon him all sorts of pranks ; one of which was to secure him and wash his face. To these ablutions he submitted quietly, excepting that now and then he would cry out ' Oh dear ! Oh dear ! dear !' much after the manner of a lubberly boy in the nursery room, when Mamma may have applied the soap and water with a greater effect than was consistent with any very pleasurable sensations on the part of her charge. The old musket was also a subject of merriment among the soldiers, who, however, were at the time not a little surprised at the results of its operations. The owner was as economical of his powder as the necessities of the times required ; putting in so small charges that when the explosion took place, it produced a slight rattling and prolonged sound, resembling that of a long-barreled fowling piece, when loaded for small game. The ball, however, appeared to reach its object with the same exactness as those shot from the well-charged and lighter muskets of his comrades ; and what was still more unaccountable, every discharge of his old gun was followed by the sobs and lamentations of our little hero.

On the morning of the battle, a transfer was made of part of the command of Col. Whitcomb, to that of Col. Prescott, and among the number transferred was Baldwin—our informant's commanding officer being very glad to be rid of this singular recruit, and Col. Prescott having honored the latter with a particular notice, would have been glad, as it was said, to have received another in his place. During the suspense which existed in the ranks of our countrymen, while behind their breastwork, they beheld the enemy land from their boats, at the foot of the hill, to the number of about three thousand, and march up towards them, with the regular tread of disciplined soldiers, while they waited impatiently for the word to be given to let fly the fatal messengers of death. Just before the order to 'fire' was actually given, the long hissing sound from the old firelock of little Baldwin, for a moment attracted the attention of his companions ; but its usual accompaniments, his lamentations and sobs, were drowned by the simultaneous discharge of a thousand muskets, succeeded by the screams of the wounded and dying. After one repulse, the enemy again advanced, when the samefeat was again performed by our hero. Being reinforced by the detachment which had been sent to fire Charlestown, the enemy, for the third time, advanced to the attack. The same havoc as before was made among them, by the well-directed fire of the American musketmen. But they now appeared determined at all hazards to effect their purpose. Accordingly they pushed on, and proceeded to attack the little band of patriots in flank, as well as to scale the breastwork in front, where, to use the old gentleman's expression, 'it was nothing but push bagnet.' The colonists being inferior in numbers and illly supplied with bayonets and ammunition, were at length compelled to give way. In the midst of the confusion that ensued, little Baldwin having

reloaded his piece, (probably the third time during the engagement,) espied a British officer, who having succeeded in mounting the breastwork, brandished his sword, and triumphantly shouted to his men, 'The day is ours!' Our little hero could not resist the temptation. With a sort of hysterical laugh, he brought his musket to bear, his snakish eye glistened, and the ball was sent through the body of the unfortunate officer.

The exclamations, 'Oh dear! dear! dear!' by Baldwin, which followed this last shot, were scarcely audible to his comrades, as he was lost to their sight amid the dreadful turmoil that succeeded. As he never afterwards appeared at the quarters of the army, it was generally supposed that he shared the fate of many a brave actor in that bloody drama. But my informant assures me that some years afterwards, to his astonishment, he met this singular being in the street of W—, when he accosted him—'Why, Baldwin! I thought you was dead! How are you?' 'Pooty well, I thank ye,' replied the other, but in such a manner as to manifest no disposition to reply to any further inquiries.

VIATOR.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COLLEGIAN.

WHERESOEVER one or two hundred young men, in the very heyday of life, are gathered together, with opportunities for free intercourse, and at the same time under some degree of restraint, it would be singular in the extreme, if all sorts of deviltry were not attempted and practiced. Such is the situation and condition of the youth in most of the American Colleges. How many a tale of their mad pranks has been handed down by tradition, in New England; and how many are preserved in the grateful recollection of those respectable and fortunate families who reside within frolic-distance of a University. Every College Corporation should appoint an annalist, after the manner of the Romans, to record the deeds of their *children*—as they affectionately style them—after graduation. Lest, perchance, these great events which I have seen and heard—*quorum pars minima fui*—should altogether perish from the memory of man, and be covered over by the waters of oblivion—to the manifest detriment of posterity—I have undertaken the labor of recording the same in the pages of your imperishable journal—where they will no doubt be perused, an hundred years hence, with gratitude and amazement.

It is a beautiful morning in July—morning prayers are over—the several classes are proceeding to their several recitation rooms. The Freshmen open their door and usher in their respected and beloved Tutor. Lo! he starts back in astonishment! The floor is strewn with new mown hay—and in the midst of the room the President's cow is sleeping in clover—every feature of her countenance beaming with delight and gratitude. It is no small labor to transport the quiet quadruped down five flights of stairs—and that difficulty is increased by the numerous hands that purport to be engaged





in the work of assisting her descent. This joke was repeated, at convenient intervals, until it became somewhat stale. But the poor cow was destined to undergo many new trials, until at length, I have no doubt, she became completely scientific, and fairly earned a writ of protection. She was once carried into the cupola of the principal college building, and when the morning came was a conspicuous and pleasant object to behold. She had a fair prospect of the surrounding country, of the rising sun, and many other pleasant things, which that species of animals are not often permitted to enjoy. The last of her performances comes now to be narrated.

Immediately after the minds of the students had been mollified and harmonized by evening prayers, three of the tender juvenals of the College were observed to lay violent hands upon this unsuspecting female, and to conduct her to the chaise-house of the President. The chaise was run out, the harness was fitted to her ungainly person, and the chaise thereto attached. The word was given—all ready—and the vehicle and its drawer were permitted to start. Whew—and whisk—and away went they—the cow at the top of her speed, showing excellent mettle and some bottom. Whether it was mere accident, or whether she fled thither for safety and protection, it is certain that she brought up, all standing, in front of the President's dwelling-house, on the borders of the College yard. He was aroused by the unwonted noise, and sallied forth, cane in hand. At this spectacle, the cow became more frightened than before, and fled amain—the venerable President in full pursuit and in full cry, followed by his man, who had also caught the alarm. Very seldom will you witness such a race, and may I never see another. The speed of the quadruped began evidently to slacken;—she had obviously done enough for glory, for one evening, and the entertainment was concluded by the spectators giving three cheers. It ought not to be forgotten that considerable sums of money were lost and won on this occasion by those who betted on the comparative speed of the cow and her master; the one party vociferously crying 'Go it President,' the other 'Go it cow!'

My gentle readers will find it hard to believe that this gallant and daring exploit was performed from mere motives of charity and humanity, and yet that position is susceptible of the clearest demonstration. It happened in this wise. A few days prior to the above adventure, some evil disposed persons, not having the fear of expulsion before their eyes, spirited away the President's horse from his stable into the country, and then and there, by candle-light, undertook to decorate his person with paint and dye-stuffs. His mane was shaved close, and his tail was so shaven and shorn that it looked as if it had been driven in. The next day was an exhibition of the Junior class, and when the audience was assembled the air was rent with shouts of laughter. The spectators rushed up, and beheld a strange animal making his way direct to the college, at full speed, followed by a regiment of dogs at full cry. He leaped the gate and circulated round the college several times. It was not easy to discover the President's white horse in the painted phenomenon then flying before his pursuers, with head and tail erect, the latter appendage being striped in imitation of a barber's pole. Two flaming circles had been drawn around his eyes—figures were painted on

his innocent nose, and his sides resembled those of a zebra, or a twelve-banded armadillo. Although the animal had been thus embellished at considerable expense and still greater risk, it seems that the President declined to use him until his natural color should be restored by the operations of nature. This determination was generally attributed to the President's distaste for any thing like ostentation; but he thus deprived himself of his ordinary means of locomotion. Some of the more kindly disposed students felt bound in honor therefore to supply a substitute; and hence originated the tackling of the cow—a philosophical experiment, worthy of acute and enquiring minds. Can any motives more humane and charitable be well imagined?

When it became known that the President had formed a settled resolution to use neither his horse or his cow, it became obvious to the meanest capacity that his chaise would be laid up in ordinary, for some time. These same students, fearful lest some evil-minded young men should take occasion to injure the chaise also, determined to take it into their own keeping, and thus relieve their own and the President's anxieties. They accordingly separated the vehicle from its component parts, and lodged one wheel upon the branches of a lofty elm, entirely beyond the reach of harm, at the distance of half a mile from the college. As it was very evident that should any rogue see two wheels together, he would be strongly tempted to commit a theft, they very judiciously resolved to place them in situations wide asunder. The other wheel was therefore deposited in the vestry of a neighboring church. The top was suspended from the summit of another tree; being thus widely scattered, the precious materials were considered to be beyond the reach of injury. Very seldom will you be able to find instances of such disinterested and heroic philanthropy.

The science of projectiles is a study universally pleasant to the ingenious young; and I feel warranted in declaring that no branch of philosophy was avored with more ardor and enthusiasm at the Institution of which I am writing. The college building was admirably adapted to a practical illustration of the science, the passage running the whole length in each story, a distance of about one hundred feet. Many a time have I been awakened from a refreshing slumber by the rolling of cannon balls along the 'dim, mysterious aisles,' projected, doubtless, from the hand of some ambitious youth, who, like another Demosthenes, consumed the midnight oil in his intense application to study. In order that the course of the balls might be more easily discovered in the darkness, the practice of heating them red hot was sometimes adopted. This was occasioned, however, chiefly by the opposition of the professors and tutors, who vehemently condemned these midnight studies, as prejudicial to the health of the students, and who thenceforward seized all stray balls, and deposited the same in their rooms. One or two of the balls thus heated being seized in the same manner, were found to be too heavy for convenient transportation, and were suddenly dropped.

I had a classmate by the name of Hilton, who was deservedly distinguished for his love of repose, and the entire destitution of brilliant and ready powers of mind. It was his misfortune to be frequently confined to his

room by severe indisposition. On one occasion he was attacked with so much severity, that he was unable to attend any of the college exercises for ten days. It so happened that I was at the President's room, when my respected classmate called to excuse himself for his (un)wonted absence from duty, when the following dialogue took place, which I record, *literally*, as it occurred, as a rare instance of youthful simplicity, and presidential acuteness.

Hilton.—I have called, Sir, to get excused for my absence, for the last week, Sir. I have been sick, Sir, and I hope you will excuse me, Sir.

Pres.—Hoo—what's been the matter with you? you look pretty well now.

Hilt.—Why—why—the Doctor and I don't agree—as—to my disease.

Pres.—Hoo-oo-oo. Don't agree? What does *he* call it—and what do *you* call it?

Hilt.—Why, Sir, the doctor thinks it was the—the—the—cholera morbus—but I think it was the—the—measles!

Pres.—I will take your excuse into *consideration*. You have had a good deal of sickness of one kind and another, since you have been here. Good morning.

This ingenuous youth graduated two years before the other members of his class, with a medal and a certificate voluntarily awarded by his fellow citizens, testifying to all men, that he was competent to instruct in all the branches of an English education, as well as Latin and Greek.

An hundred of the students boarded in Commons, and the Tutors presided at the heads of their respective tables. Our fare was by no means luxurious, but we ate our meals with gladness and singleness of heart, for this was the grand theatre of uproarious merriment. Sometimes you would imagine the hall to have been occupied by a vast congregation of cats, and now by a congregation of pigs, so loud and various were the noises uttered by these tender juvenals. *Quid multis peccatur, inultum*, and this kind of sport was practiced with impunity. I remember well that on one rainy day, those students who boarded in private families, made a rush into the house of Commons for their dinners, and assumed very numerous privileges. One of them called for pepper, in a loud voice. It was not immediately passed him, and he exclaimed in a still louder tone, 'Waiter, didn't you hear me call for pepper?' Still it was delayed, when the young man rose, and standing upon his chair, exclaimed at the top of his voice, 'p-e-p pep p-e-r per—pepper!' Such a burst of laughter as he was greeted withal, is not heard many times in one's life.

Our provisions became at length so bad and the supply so meagre, that a general rebellion was resolved on. A college meeting was accordingly held with all possible secrecy, and it was resolved that no student should attend at dinner the next day. When the next day arrived, there was a goodly show of plates and dishes, with the usual quantity of food, but not above half a dozen to enjoy the feast. The steward resigned, and at the expiration of three months, we all returned to commons under the new regime. The new steward having the example of his predecessor before his eyes, feasted us like princes.

It had been the immemorial custom at the institution of which I write,

for the senior class to form a solemn procession, near the close of the term next preceding Commencement, and burn all the compositions they had written during their college life, as a kind of votive offering to the genius of the place. The custom was observed with unwonted magnificence by the members of my class. We twice made the circuit of the college green, marching to music, each bearing his dissertations suspended to a string, until we reached a mighty altar of stones upon which they were deposited. The orator of the day, preparatory to the touch of the fatal firebrand, mounted the rostrum, and delivered the following address:

‘Fellow Students—We have assembled on this indescribably interesting occasion, according to the immemorial and uninterrupted usages of our alumnated predecessors, to consign to elemental conflagration those magnificent monuments of our indomitable industry and all-enquiring genius, which have been generated and elaborated during our protracted residence in yonder collegiate edifice. What amazing thoughts—what expressions of ineffable splendor—what glittering metaphors—what arguments of indescribable profundity—what scientific discoveries—what extraordinary developments of the most recondite and unfathomable mysteries—are about to be consigned to everlasting annihilation. Posterity, to the remotest era of unrecorded time, will bewail this destruction, ignorant of their incalculable and inappreciable bereavement. What volumes of mellifluous poetry that ever flowed from human lips—poetry which has covered Homer with a disastrous eclipse, and caused the name of Virgil to be forgotten, and utterly extinguished the boasted pretensions of Byron—is about to be lost forever. We behold conglomerated around us in numerous masses, our youthful successors, endeavoring vainly to catch some of that ethereal inspiration which lies enveloped in the sheets now reposing upon this consecrated altar. Long will they hover around this consecrated locality, with this abominable purpose. But our written thoughts, my classmates, will return to that pure element, the atmosphere, which alone is fitted for their eternal habitation, and to that utter nothingness in which they originated—never, never to be collected or expressed again, until others, equal to ourselves in genius, shall arise to fill our vacant places.’

This modest and eloquent address was followed by a senior’s poem of about twenty lines. The torch was applied to the pile, and the intellectual efforts of four years evanuerunt in fumo.

In every College it is understood to be the undeniable privilege of the upper classes, to play every sort of practical joke upon the Freshmen. And the privilege is freely exercised, no doubt, with the laudable purpose of teaching them fortitude and patience. I have known a Senior to call at the room of a polite, inoffensive greenhorn, take out a cigar, and smoke with extraordinary diligence. Directly another Senior—and another—and another—and yet a fourth, like the spectres in Macbeth, each armed with the same fuming weapon, would drop in by the merest accident, and give their poor host such a smoking as he would not forget to his dying day.

Several copies of a handbill were circulated among the students one morning, which purported to be a distribution of parts and honors to the Freshmen on the day of their graduation. It was drawn up with consider-

able skill, and contained a good deal of practical sarcasm. To one of them distinguished for his profanity was given an oration on 'Early Piety'—to another who boasted of his infidelity, an essay on the 'Excellence of Christianity.' There were two members of that class who wore spectacles, but in a very different mode—one bending them as near to his eyes as they could possibly be brought, the other permitting them to rest upon the very extremity of his proboscis, as if Cowper's verses had fully convinced him that 'spectacles were made for the nose.' To these was assigned a forensic disputation on the question, 'whether spectacles were made for the eyes or the nose.' To another who was particularly soft and effeminate, an oration on the 'Difference of the two Sexes'—to a fourth, who bore the cognomen of Paine, 'A theoretical and practical treatise on the cholic.' The other assignments of this precious paper have escaped my recollection. A few days afterwards a critique on the performances appeared, which exhibited more wit than the other.

The ringing of the chapel bell—whose sounds are ever unwelcome to the ears of Collegians—at unusual hours, and the preventing its ringing at the usual hours, has been a favorite amusement at all Universities. At the commencement of my collegiate life, the usual mode of performing this feat was by attaching a long rope to the bell, and carrying the end into a distant field where some youth, snugly concealed behind a stone wall, pulled away with right good will. The students are aroused, and the officers come forth with canes, which they would swing in the air, if haply they might touch the line. In order to prevent a repetition of this disturbance, a room was built under the belfry expressly for the bell-ringer, which he occupied night and day. Then they all slept in security. But what can withstand the gallantry and daring of a resolute spirit? A young man actually climbed up the lightning rod in the night—and this man is now one of the distinguished sons of Maine—and at this giddy height, removed the bell from its place, and coolly descended to the ground. Late and sweetly slept the inmates of the college on the following morning, for the sound of the bell was not heard for many an hour. The bell-ringer had given one pull upon the rope, which had projected the whole apparatus to the ground, and almost jerked him through the ceiling.

B. U.

EVILS OF EXCESSIVE MENTAL EXERTION. Nervous disease from excessive mental labor and exaltation of feelings, sometimes shows itself in another form. From neglecting proper intervals of rest, the vascular excitement of the brain, which always accompanies activity of mind, has not time to subside, and a restless irritability of temper and disposition comes on, attended with sleeplessness and anxiety, for which no external cause can be assigned. The symptoms gradually become aggravated, the digestive functions give way, nutrition is impaired, and a sense of wretchedness is constantly present which often leads to attempts at suicide. While all this is going on, however, the patient will talk or transact business with perfect propriety and accuracy, and no stranger can discover anything amiss. But in his intercourse with his intimate friend and physician, the havoc made upon the mind becomes apparent; but if not speedily arrested terminates in derangement, palsy, apoplexy, fever, suicide, or permanent weakness.

TO —————,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN.

How calm the hours, o'er lea
 The winds have sank to rest,
 And ling'ring sunset gilds the sea,
 Thus placid may thy slumbers be,
 Thou of the mirthful breast.

Yon sun with roseate eye
 Again o'er sea and shore,
 May shed his glory—but thine eye
 Will gaze upon tomorrow's sky,
 Not as it look'd before.

A year beyond recall
 Will then have fled from thee ;
 Like scents from withered leaves which fall,
 Strains heard long since in festive hall,
 —Such will its memory be.

Upon thy glowing brow,
 Woman her seal hath set,
 And manhood in its pride must bow
 Before thy lofty spirit—thou
 Scarce from thy girlhood yet.

Sleep on—sleep on, to-night
 Gentle may be thy rest ;
 Thy visions sweet—thy slumbers light,
 Oh ! may thy day-dream be as bright,
 Thou of the mirthful breast.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NEW ARRANGEMENT. An arrangement has been entered into between the Proprietors of the 'Portland Magazine,' and the 'Eastern Magazine,' to unite the two periodicals. After our next number the union will take place, and the united work, to be entitled 'THE MAINE MONTHLY MAGAZINE,' will be published simultaneously on the first day of each month, at Portland and Bangor. Sixteen pages will be added to the present number, making forty-eight in all, and the typographical execution will be very much improved. The subscription price will be raised accordingly.

By this arrangement the editorial duties will devolve on the Editor of this Magazine ; and he hopes, by uniting the lists of contributors, as well as the subscription lists, and with such other additional aid as he is expecting, to pro-

due a periodical worthy of the State whose name it takes. Advancing as rapidly as it is, in other respects, its native literature should now command a proper degree of attention. Rome was not built in a day, and this leads us to persevere in our efforts, humble as they are, to perform our part in building up the literature of our native State. That it can, in a literary as well as pecuniary point of view, sustain a periodical of an elevated character, we cannot doubt. Those already established—and which are now united for their mutual benefit—have been supported beyond expectation, and receiving, as they have, continued favor in the estimation of the public, it is not unreasonable to expect a liberal and hearty support. The Editor will spare no exertions to make it worthy of such a support. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, who now and has from its commencement conducted the 'Portland Magazine' with ability and credit both to herself and our State, though she vacates the editorial chair, will continue to favor the public with her contributions through the columns of 'The Maine Monthly.' The first number will be issued on the first day of July next. In the mean time, we hope to have cheering evidence that our labors will be appreciated, by the receipt of communications from contributors, and a large addition to our present list of subscribers. The Publishers' Prospectus may be found on the last page of our cover.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA, by Tyrone Power. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

A perusal of these volumes is truly refreshing, bearing in mind the manner in which every thing American has been served up by the Fauxes, the Fearons, the Fiddlers, the Trollopes, *et id genus omne*. One would suppose from their arrant scribblings that no good could come out of Nazareth, but we have here a man who can travel from 'Dan to Beersheba,' without crying out 'all is barren.' And for possessing this spirit of discrimination, of according 'honor to whom honor is due,' the British critics have the charity to say, there is a design under it; as if the truth could not be told by one of King William's subjects. They say he intends to make America his present abode, and of course he wishes to propitiate the favor and good graces of Americans. True, Mr. Power has decided on taking up his residence in this country, and it is also true that while here he was received with great favor. If then, out of the gratitude of the heart the mouth cannot be permitted to speak, it is passing strange.

Mr. Power evidently possesses a good heart, if we can judge from the remarks on his parting from his friends. One of our contemporaries allows this, but how this betrays, as he observes, in our author, 'a warm heart' rather 'than a wise head,' we cannot readily divine. But in this, as in several other minutiae, we are not disposed to be 'more nice than wise,' or in other words, over-critical. Quibbling is—quibbling; but it turns to very little account, except in legal conflicts. We do not, therefore, consider his remarks on 'linen sheets' of sufficient consequence to hang a criticism on. Neither are we inclined to giggle because the first view of the shores of America excited sensations of pleasure in the breast of our author. Suffice it to say, we have read his 'Impressions' with delight, and all who read them impartially, we presume will experience as much satisfaction. His descriptions are fine, his remarks just, and no one, we think, can arise from the perusal of his volumes without rejoicing that one has been found who has sufficient honesty to tell the truth in relation to what he had seen and heard in this country.

One word as to the typographical appearance of the 'Impressions.' The volumes, it will be perceived, are from the *brown paper* establishment of Carey and others. Why these publishers use such miserable stuff to print upon, we can't

imagine; but they persist in doing this, notwithstanding sundry hints of this character. They are absolutely behind the age in this respect. We learn that they have commenced the publication of a uniform edition of Irving's Works, and really hope that these will not be printed on such paper.

DIDACTICS—by Robert Welsh. *Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Blanchard. Boston, Russell, Shattuck & Co. 2 vols. 12 mo.*

The author of these volumes has done much for the cause of American literature. He has for many years conducted the '*National Gazette*' at Philadelphia, and also the '*American Quarterly Review*' which was originated by him. We have given this collection of his writings but a casual glance as our Magazine was going to press, and must, therefore, furnish our readers with the opinion of another, (Mr. H. F. Harrington, of the *Boston Galaxy*,) which we hold in high esteem.

He possesses a comprehensiveness of intellect, and a nicety of discrimination which enable him to embrace whatever subject he may attempt, in all its bearings, and at the same time with the skill of the finished artist, delicately select and combine the brightest colors for his palate. His language and diction are chaste and smooth, and his composition exceedingly polished and refined—thoroughly imbued with that spirit of the English writers of bygone days, which has spread a halo around their memory, and consecrated their works as beacons lights in the path of literature.

We shall devote our first leisure to a perusal of these volumes.

NEW HISTORICAL ROMANCE. The *Portland Magazine* of the present month announces that Professor Ingraham, the author of '*South-West*', has a new work in press, to be entitled '*Lafitte, the Buccaneer of Barritaria*'. Mr. Ingraham is a native of Portland, and has resided, we understand, for some time past in Mississippi, where he held a professorship in one of its collegiate institutions. His first essay as an author was well received, and justly so. His '*South-West*' has been translated into the French language, a compliment of the best kind. Our friend Mrs. Stephens says that 'from a perusal of some portions of the manuscript of his forthcoming romance, we shall predict a full satisfaction to the expectations of all who have read the *South-West, by a Yankee*'.

THE PORTLAND SKETCH BOOK. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens has in preparation a new work with this title, to be composed of original articles from the pens of Portland writers. We presume it will be on the plan of the '*Boston Book*', prepared by H. T. Tuckerman, Esq. excepting that the latter comprised selected articles of the writers of that city. We hope Bangor, ere long, will be able to produce a work of a similar character. New York and Philadelphia will each soon put forth their '*Book*'. The plan is a popular one, judging from the patronage extended to Mr. Tuckerman's work.

Contributions intended for the '*Portland Sketch Book*' are requested to be forwarded to Mrs. Stephens by the twenty-fifth of this month.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW. This periodical, which has been reprinted in New York at so cheap a rate, the foreign papers state, has been suspended, and is totally defunct.

To CORRESPONDENTS. Contributions intended for the next number of the Magazine, on account of our arrangements, should be forwarded to us by the twentieth of this month. Those intended for the '*Maine Monthly*', prior to the first day of June. One and all will please accept our greatful acknowledgments for favors received, and may they continue them.